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The Union Prisoner.

[The following touching lines, descriptive of an incident in the pen of the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., are attributed to G. H. Hollister, Esq., of Litchfield, Connecticut. The war did not elicit anything of sadder interest:]

No blanket round his wasted limbs
As under the rainy sky he slept:
While pointing his envenomed shafts,
Around him Death, the archer, crept.
He dreamed of hunger and held out
His hand to clutch a little bread
That a white angel with a torch,
Among the living and the dead,
Seemed bearing smiling as he went.
The vision waked him, and he spied
The post-boy, followed by a crowd
Of famished prisoners who cried
For letters—letters from their friends.
Crawling upon his hands and knees,
He hears his own name called; and lo!
A letter from his wife he sees!

Gasping for breath, he shrieked aloud,
And lost in Nature's blind eclipse,
Faltering amid the supplant crowd,
Caught it and pressed it to his lips.
A guard who followed, red and wroth,
And flourishing a rusty brand,
Reviles him with a taunting oath,
And snatched the letter from his hand.
"First pay the postage, whining wretch!"
Despair has made the prisoner brave.
"Then give me back my money, Sir!
I am a captive—not a slave!
You took my money and my clothes:
Take my life, too—but let me know
How Mary and the children are,
And I will bless you ere I go."

The very moonlight through his bands,
As he stood supplicating, shone,
And his sharp features shaped themselves
Into a prayer; and such a tone
Of anguish there was in his cry
For wife and children, that the guard—
Thinking upon his own—passed by,
And left him swooning on the sward.
Beyond the "dead-line" fell his head—
The eager sentry knew his mark,
And with a crash the bullet sped
Into his brain and all was dark.
But when they turned his livid cheek
Up towards the light, the pale lips smil'd,
Kissing a picture fair and meek
That held in either hand a child.

SOME CHOWDER.

Every tree is known by its fruit.

Stokes spent $7,500 in his first trial, and will have to try again.

Illinois has 705 more miles of railroad than any other state in the Union.

Washing done by Mrs. Washington is a Detroit sign.

A Pheladelphia beggar is placarded "I am parolized."

At Rochester, they carry young ladies home from wine suppers on stretchers.

Cure for a blind man: Get married, that will be sure to open your eyes.

Stanley, the Herald's Livingstone explorer, is the rage in Paris at present.

The counsel of Stokes has made application to have him released on bail.

The World's Fair at Vienna, Austria, commences May 1, '73, and continues six months.

A great surgical operation—To take the cheek out of a young man, and the jaw out of a scolding wife.

A bad marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance and you can't let go.

The New York Herald will soon start an expedition to fix the old disputed location of the garden of Eden.

There are two things in this world that are not safe to trifle with—a woman's opinion and the business end of a wasp.

"News of the Weak," is the head-line given by a city editor to a hospital report.

Spotted Tail and his braves gave a public reception Friday in the Grand Central Hotel, New York, which was largely attended.

The editress of a Western Journal recently announced that the arrival of an "extra male" prevented the prompt issue of her paper.

A husband regretting the loss of his first wife, was told by his second that "no one had reason to wish his former spouse alive than she had."

Widow pic-nics are held in Ohio. If a man appears on such occasions they all rush for him, and he is glad to escape with his life.

An Illinois boy who persisted in scaring horses by flying kites, very properly walked backwards inte a hole one hundred feet deep.

Picnics in Pennsylvania wind up with what is called the Dolly Varden march—the young ladies standing in a row, and the young men passing along the line and kissing each good night.

A plucky woman at Peoria, Illinois, entered a saloon on Saturday evening, kicked over a table, drew a revolver on the bar-tender, and led her husband out by the ear.

A cow and a German woman in Minnesota, under the same yoke, hauled through the day a drag after the seeder run by the woman's husband with a span of horses. The cow was completely exhausted.

The young lady students in Le Roy, Pa., are "doing" the Latin in a very practical manner. One of them has a beau, and he asked her what "sic transit gloria mundi" meant? She translated it: "Come and see ma on Monday."

Humanitarianism has cropped out in a new form in Boston. Among the latest institutions of that city of jubilees is a mending and repairing society, composed of women who undertake to sew on buttons, darn stockings, and perform other kindly services for unprovided for bachelors.

A laborer in Milwaukee was recently plunged into the deepest affliction by the death of his wife. On arraying her for the grave he was greatly consoled, however, by discovering that suspicious looking lumps on her legs proved to be packages containing several hundred dollars in currency concealed in her stockings.

"What is your name?" asked a census officer. "John Corcoran." "Your age?" "Twenty-one." "What nativity?" Well, that's what bothers me. I'll tell you, and may be you can make it out. My father was Irish, my mother English, and I was born on a Dutch frigate, under the French flag in Turkish waters. Now how is it?"

D. N. Brown, a wealthy fruit-grower near St. Joseph, Michigan, offered his wife, with whom he had lived over forty years, $16,000 to sign a bill of separation, so that he could marry the hired girl, a blushing damsel of sixteen years. Mrs. Brown thought the $16.000 of more account than the husband, and accepted the offer.

A Pretty, Sad Story.

HOW A LETTER WENT TO PAPA.

[From Our Young Folks.

Little Tiny Leigh came in and stood on tiptoe by the escritoire where Aunt Sue was writing. As she did so, a very small rosebud of a mouth made its appearance above the line of the desk at auntie's right, and a piping little voice, proceeding from it, demanded, "Vat you doin', auntie?"

"Writing letters," responded auntie, who with a bunch of envelopes and a quire of paper before her, was very deep in the business indeed. Then a fat, dimpled finger stole cautiously up and touched a finished pile.

"One, two, free, four, amen!" counted Tiny, who always cherished the belief that "amen" stood for a full stop, and made use of it accordingly.

"Vat for you write letters, auntie?"

"Oh, to send to my friends," responded auntie, bending over her work and speaking in a voice that seemed to issue from her eyebrows.

"Vhere is yonr friends?" persevered the child.

"Everywhere," said auntie, who happened to be writing that word at the moment.

"Does letters go ev'ywhere?"

"Yes," responded auntie, absently.

"Would a letter go to papa?"

"Yes," said auntie, again, who by this time was in the very heart of a brilliant description and did not hear.

"How does this letter go?" urged she again, this time touching auntie's elbow by way of experiment, so far as auntie was concerned, resulted in a bold upward stroke, as an acute angle with the last "hair line," and she looked up, really out of patience at last.

"O, Tiny," she said, "what a little mis—" but she stopped suddenly.—There was such a look of appeal in the soft blue eyes fixed anxiously upon her, that she could not find it in her heart to visit any indignation on that small golden head, so she only kissed the rosy mouth and said, "Auntie is very busy just now, darling, and you must not disturb her. Another day she will talk to you just as much as ever you wish. Here!" added she, observing the look of disappointment that stole over the sunny face; "see! I will make a letter of you and send you to mamma."

So she took a postage stamp out of the little drawer, and parting the flossy curls, pasted it right in the center of Tiny's smooth white forehead.

"I don't know where letters goes," said the baby girl, chuckling delightedly. "Does they fly?"

"Letters don't 'goes,'" said auntie, laughing, "they go through the post-office. Now run along and put yourself in a post-office somewhere, and mamma will be sure to find you."

"O yes! I know, I saw'd it—the pos'-office—me and mamma—one day. It's down the corner and 'round the ab'nue."

So she trotted off across the broad library floor, out into the hall, and Aunt Sue, having heard the door close behind her, returned to her writing.

Out in the hall, Tiny stood still. A great thought came to her. "I will go to papa," said she to herself. Papa was gone away. He had been gone, O, such a long, long time! She could only just faintly remember, like a dream, some soft, loving brown eyes, and a gentle voice that called her "little daughter." Then the rooms were very dark one time, a strange black box, covered with flowers, was carried out at the door, and papa had never come back any more. Never once, though she had run all through the house and garden crying out, "I want papa! I want papa!" many a day. But now she could go to him. They told her he was gone to God, but was she not a letter now, and had not auntie said that letters go ev'ywhere? And if she could only get into the "pos' office," papa would be sure to find her. Yes, she would go to papa! There stood the hat-rack, with her own small jockey hanging upon it: so with all her strength she pushed forward one of the great hall chairs, climbed up and secured her hat, put it on hindside foremost—poor little Tiny!—and opening the door went out into the street.

Twenty minutes afterward Aunt Sue, having finished her letters, crossed the hall and noticed the displaced chair and missing jockey, and wondered where the child could be. At that very moment the clerk at the post-office heard a piping voice, and, looking down, saw a strange sight—a tiny creature, no more than three years old, it seemd, with jockey hat awry, its sweeping plume tangled with golden curls, a postage stamp shining conspicuously in the center of a polished forehead, and wistful blue eyes turned up at him, glistening with a great hope.

"I want to go to papa," said the voice.

The clerk smiled. "Where is your papa?" asked he.

"Gone to God," said Tiny, solemnly.

The smile died out. They had sent many odd parcels to strange directions through that office, but never one to that address, thought he.

"I am a letter, and I want to go to papa," pleaded the child, her yearning eyes still fastened on his face.

"What is your name?" asked the clerk.

But at that moment a blustering business man, bound on the redress of some grievance, pushed forward and brushed her aside; she was drawn into the current of people passing in at one door and out at another, and before she could say another word, found herself in the street again.

There she stood irresolute. Her heart ached with disappointment, the passers-by jostled and bewildered her; she began to be afraid, and her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly there was a great outcry. The frightened crowd fled into door-ways. A pair of runaway horses came dashing down the street. The people on the crossings rushed to the sidewalk. No one noticed an unprotected little one standing there, with blanched face and eyes wild with terror; no one heard a feeble wailing cry. A great burly boy with a basket on his arm, pressed forward with blind speed, found something in his pathway and bore it down. Then it was all over. The mad horses were down the street and far away. The relieved pedestrians came out of their places of refuge. Only one did not move.

A little, lifeless figure, with wide open blue eyes, long, soft, golden curls sweeping the curb-stone, and dimpled hands thrown out, lay where it had fallen. The jockey hat had rolled from her head, its white feather was draggled in the dust, but the postage stamp still clung to the shining forehead. The crowd looking on, noted it with curious eyes. It had done its work well. Ah me! the little "letter" has gone safely to papa, and to God.

A truly scientific revenge was recently effected by a young chemist in Venice named Orlando Farnerini, upon a pair of lovers whose mutual passion had disturbed the current of his own affections. He loved a young lady, but she loved a young tailor better. Orlando owed him money for clothes, and sent word that he would pay him and make his betrothed a present if they would both come to his laboratory. They accepted the invitation, and were politely received and slyly led in conversation to the subject of electricity, about which he had much to say; both listened with astonishment, and were quite delighted when the professor proposed that they should allow themselves to be electrified. He bade them give him their hands, put the one pole of a Rumkorf apparatus between the girl's fingers, and the other into the tailor's hand, and then joined the currents. A terrible cry broke from the lovers; they fell to the floor in convulsive fits, then got up again, in the greatest torment, but Farnerini only laughed. The two wretched beings drew the apparatus after them, tumbled over the furniture, and almost broke their limbs in their frantic effort to rid themselves of the mighty current, but in a few minutes they were two distorted corpses. Then, and only then, Farnerini stopped the electric fluid, and went to report the matter to the police, which he did with the greatest "sangfroid" possible.

WHAT MAKES THE SEA-SHELL SING?—When a shell is held up to the ear there is a peculiar vibratory noise which children assure each other is the roar of the sea, however distant they may be from it. Philosophically investigated the peculiar sound thus recognized is a phenomenon that very much perplexed learned men for a long while. The experiment is easily made by simply pressing a spiral shell, common in collections, over the cerebra of either ear. If a large shell the sound is very much like that of a large cataract. Now what causes it? Every muscle in the body is always in a state of tension. Some are more on the stretch than others, and particularly those of tho fingers. It is conceded that the vibration of the fibers of those in the fingers being communicated to the shell—it propagates and intensifies them, as the hollow body of a violin does the vibrations of its strings, and thus the acoustic nerve receives the sonorous impressions. Muscles of the leg below the knee are said to vibrate in the same way, and if conducted to the ear produce the same result.

GOING OUT OF CHURCH.—An exchange says: If instead of the closing anthem, some of the ministers should, at the close of service, give the orders: "Attention, worshipers! For hats dive! For overcoats go! Jerk, twist, plunge! Make yourselves ridiculous, all!" The effect would hardly be a variation from the present style of going out of church. The singing of the doxology seems to be a signal for a general putting on and adjustment, and when the benediction is about to be pronounced the ruffled congregation look more like jumping out of the window or uniting in a crushing and crowding race for the doors than listening to the solemn words of the good pastor.

AN O'ER-TRUE LOVE STORY.

From the Meridian (Miss.) Gazette.

Upon the arrival one day last week of a northern train on the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad at the pretty Georgia station of Brandon, its passengers had their interest excited by the appearance of an unwonted commotion amongst the people gathered on the platform and around the depot. Loungers, villagers, and trainmen, were all chattering together over some topic of common intelligence in a style indicating the liveliest feelings in regard to some unusual matter, and the travelers eagerly inquired the meaning of it all. Then were they told that just before the arrival of the train a young man and a young woman mounted upon foaming thoroughbreds, came galloping up to the station at top of speed to catch the cars there, followed by the fair one's father in full cry: and upon finding that the train had not arrived, had swept wildly by on the road to the next station with their pursuer still hotly on their track. It was plain that the young people were eloping, and unless they could reach the next station by the time that the cars did, and be aboard and off before the elder rider could come up with them, they would surely be captured and taken back to punishment. This was enough. With one voice the now warmly sympathetic passengers called upon their conductor to spur the iron horse to the rescue, and that official gave his engineer the signal "to pull her wide open and make extra time," amid the uproarious cheers at the station. Away thundered the train after runaways and wrathful sire, and when about a mile out of Brandon came in sight of the full chase on a turnpike road running parallel with the track. Instantly every window in the cars was crowded with heads, the platform swarmed with wavers of hats and handkerchiefs, and the whole traveling company entered intensely into the spirit of the exciting scene, like any ancient audience of knights and ladies at a tournament. As they came up with their pursuer and passed him, it was seen that he rode a large, very fine horse, much more powerful and less jaded than were the animals bearing the fugitives, and its every leap under whip and spur made the distance between them less. Youth and maiden plied whips also without stint, and kept a good lead, but upon overtaking them in turn the train passengers could see by the straightened necks and panting sides that the good steeds could not bear the pace much longer. The girl's disheveled tresses streamed back in the breeze like a banner of golden threads; the hatless youth encouraged her and the horses with cheering shouts, and the passengers cheered both in the heartiest possible way. The locomotive was gauged to keep alongside at first; but presently the overtaxed animals of the lovers plainly slackened their speed, and the figure of the pursuing sire grew ominously nearer. Then the excitement of the travelers reached fever-heat; men shouted and swung hats, women screamed, and the engine whistled—and all to no avail, for the horses could do no more. A moment it seemed parental vengeance must win the day; and then, by a happy inspiration, the passengers roared for the train to stop and take the fainting lovers aboard. Down with the brakes; it was in an instant; the cars were brought to the quickest possible halt; and youth, maiden, saddle-bags and carpet-sacks were dragged on board by friendly hands just as the stern old man, on the great flying horse came near enough to be heard ordering a surrender. Then screamed the whistle again, and away flew the train like mad, leaving the enraged father to shake fist and pistol impotently at its cheering human freight. Of the adventurous twain thus enabled to win the race at last, the lover is only sixteen years old and the sweetheart thirteen. Disembarking at the next station, with the hearty congratulations of their numerous rescuers, they were married at the first parsonage, and went back to their home as one, on the next southern-bound train. As for the distracted sire, if he had never got married himself, he would never have lost such a race.

COLLAPSED.—*Woodhull & Clafflin's Weekly*, a sheet which was started in New York, two or three years since, for the purpose of advocating the right of every woman to "love whom she will, as long as she will, and the devil take the hindermost," has suspended publication. Considering that Mrs. Woodhull was recently nominated for the Presidency, with Fred Douglass for Vice, and that her sister and partner has just been made colonel of a colored regiment, the collapse of the *Weekly* can be regarded as little else than a "family disaster." We cannot help them. But we can and do say to them, in the words of Gen. Scott to the Southern States—"Erring sisters, depart in peace."

CURE FOR THE DIARRHŒA.—Parch half a pint of rice until it is brown.then boil it as rice is usually done. Eat it slowly, and it will stop the most alarming cases of diarrhœa.

A GALLANT FRENCHMAN.—A lady of Worcester, wife of a prominent gentleman, met with an accident on Tuesday, which, while for a time it threatened serious results, had in it so much of comedy as to make it laughable. She was driving in the west part of Shrewsbury, where the highway skirts the shores of a pond. Here, she met a French Canadian driving a load of wood to market. Thinking the road too narrow, he flourished his arms and his whip to make her turn back, a pantomime which frightened her horse, and she was backed off into the pond, where her buggy was upset, and she thrown into the water up to her neck. She clambered upon the wheel, and standing waist deep in the water, called to him to come and help her. The Frenchman was badly scared, and could only stand still and cry out: "My good God, dear lady you will drown! My good God, dear lady you will drown!" She replied, "Of course I shall drown if you don't help me! Why don't you come and get me out?" and again he cried, "My good God, dear lady you will drown!" At length he did wade in and assist her to shore, when she said, "Now you must help me get the horse and carriage to the shore," but he replied, "O dear, I can't stop! don't you see I shall be late with my wood to market, and besides see how I have wet my shoes and stockings already!" He drove off, leaveng her disconsolate, half a mile from any house, and with her team dismantled; but she found assistance after a while, and having righted her vehicle, she was in trim to go home, not much the worse for her involuntary bath, but entirely skeptical as to the efficiency of French Canadians in time of peril or emergency.—*Worcester Gazette.*

SSy.

Sarah Smith stands sorrowfully solus; she sees splendid spruces surrounding shady spots! sees summer's sun shining; she smells sweet savors; sweet songsters singing silver strains serenades Sarah. Still she sighs. Sunset's soft shades settle silently, still she stands sadly singing. Suddenly she started. She saw some stranger strolling silently southward. "Stop!" she shouted.—"Stop, stranger. Sarah Smith says so!" Stately she stood, sternly she shouted "stop!" Samuel Slocum, successful statesman, smooth speaker, started, saw Sarah, seemed surprised, said soliloquizingly, "Strange, seemingly scarce sixteen, so sweet, so simple, still so singularly suspicious! She seems strangely sad." "Say something sweet, Sarah." She, stopping some silent struggle, said, "Surely some strange seeing sights. Shall Sarah Smith shun such? scarcely." So, strolling silently strangerward, she said: "Sarah Smith scorns suspicious scandals, she seeks sympathy; seeks she successfully?"

Still shone silvery streams slantingly southward. Samuel Slocum sat sweetly smiling; Sarah Smith seated suspiciously somewhere. Sunset's serene splendor suggested supper. She sought sympathy successfully; supper seemed superfluous.

Some six Sundays succeeding she signed some sketches Sarah Smith Slocum.

TAKING COLD.—If a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs it becomes a pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, which in many cases carries the strongest man to the grave within a week. If cold falls on the inner covering of the lungs it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains, and its slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints there is rheumatism with its agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart which in an instant sometimes snaps the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance, then, in the wintry weather to know not so much how to cure a cold as to avoid it. Colds always come from one cause, some part of the whole body being colder than natural for a time.—If a man will keep his feet warm always and never allow himself to be chilled, he will never take cold in a lifetime, and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and the avoidance of drafts and undue exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps the majority arise from persons cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural, from exercise or work or from confinement to a warm apartment.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

THE OLD LADY'S MISTAKE.—An unsophisticated lady who resides in New Jersey, and had never seen the burning of a house, visited Philadelphia, and, fortunately for her desire, a conflagration occurred within a short distance from the place where she was sojourning.—Awakened by the passing engines and trucks, she got out of bed and hastily threw open the second-story window. In a moment the hose truck passed by, unreeling the hose as it sped along. The old lady gazed at the vehicle, observed that it left behind what appeared to be a huge strip of leather, stretched her neck out of the window, and, waving her nightcap excitedly towards the firemen, shrieked out, "Gentlemen! gentlemen! you're losing your strap."

From the Hartford Courant.

LATEST FROM LIVINGSTONE.

The News That Stanley had to Give the Great Traveler—Why the Latter Sticks to Ujiji.

"I had to give him (Dr. Livingstone) five years' news to begin with."—*Correspondence of Herald Expedition in Search of Dr. Livingstone.*

"Gen. Grant is President of the United States."

"Since when?"

"For the last four years."

"Indeed? And what else has transpired?"

"Half of Chicago has been burned to ashes; loss $200,000,000. France and Prussia have had a devastating war.—Prussia utterly vanquished France in an uninterrupted series of tremendous battles and brilliant victories. The Emperor Napoleon is an exile. The Queen of Spain has been driven from the throne and she and her family are in exile. An Italian Prince is King of Spain. Chas. Dickens has been dead two years. A negro has been numbered among the Senators of the United States. Jim Fisk was shot in a vital part by a person named Stokes, and one set of doctors proved to the satisfaction of a jury that another set of doctors killed the man with a probe; and as it was entirely legitimate, nobody was hanged. A dozen official ruffians ran the city of New York in debt $125,000,000 in four years, and stole $20,000,000 from the public treasury for their private use, and live to-day unwhipped of justice. Women vote now in one of the territories, and a notorious woman is candidate for President.—France is a republic, and Henri Rochefort an exile. Mazzini is dead. China has sent a great Embassy abroad into the world to make commercial treaties with the nations. Japan has undergone a bloodless revolution, more marvelous than any ever created by the sword, and has become a free land; the great nobles have voluntarily reduced themselves to the condition of private citizens; they have disbanded their armies of retainers and yielded up their vast revenues to the government; railroads and telegraphs are being built, colleges established, and Western dress and customs introduced. The Tycoon is dethroned, and the Milkado reigns untrameled. He has come out from his ancient seclusion, and exhibits himself to all the world in the public streets with hardly an attendant. He is going to France. Horace Greeley is the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, and all rebeldom hurrahs for him. He——"

"Hold on! You have told me stupendous things, and with a confiding simplicity born of contact with these untutored children of Africa, I was swallowing them peacefully down; but there is a limit to all things. I am a simple, guileless, christian man, and unacquainted with intemperate language; but when you tell me that Horace Greeley is become a Democrat, and the Ku-Klux swing their hats and whoop for him, I cast the traditions of my education to the winds and say, 'I'll be damned to all eternity if I believe it.'" After a pause. "My trunk is packed to go home, but I shall remain in Africa, for these things may be true, after all; if they are, I desire to stay here and unlearn my civilization."

UJIJIJI UNYEMAEMBE.
Interpreter to the Expedition.

ORIGIN OF "CADET GRAY."—In the course of conversation with General Scott in the library of the Military Academy at West Point, in the Summer of 1862, the veteran gave to Mr. Lossing the following account of the origin of "Cadet Gray," as the cloth worn by the cadets is called:

While stationed at Buffalo in the summer of 1814, General Scott wrote to the Quartermaster for a supply of new clothing to the regulars. Word soon came back that blue cloth, such as was used in the army, could not be obtained, owing to the stringency of the blockade and the embargo, and the lack of manufactures in the country, but that there was sufficient quantity of gray cloth (now known as "Cadet Gray") in Philadelphia. Scott ordered it to be made up for his soldiers, and in these new gray suits they marched down the Niagara River, on the Canada side, in the direction of Chippewa.

It was just before the battle known by that name, which occurred early in July. General Riall, the British commander, looked upon them with contempt when preparing for battle on the morning of the 5th, for the Marquis of Tweeddale, who, with the British advance, had skirmished with them all the day before, had reported that they were only "Buffalo militia," and accounted for their fighting so well and driving him to his intrenchments north of the Chippewa River, by the fact that it was the anniversary of American Independence that stimulated them. On account of the victory won at Chippewa on that day, chiefly by these soldiers in gray, and in honor of Scott and his troops, that style of cloth was adopted at the Military Academy at West Point as the uniform of the cadets.

Great gifts make beggars bold.

FRIGHTFUL EXECUTIONS IN CHINA.—The minds of the people in this region are engrossed just now with the doings of Mr. Pungtailjin, a powerful military official from Pekin. He is here calling the people to account for years of remissness in paying taxes for general insubordination. This man has caused, I am told, already about 3000 to be beheaded in this department alone! Last Saturday night, at Tine Ine, 8 miles from here—where we have a mission station—he had seventy heads taken off by torchlight. In the same vicinity, a short time ago, he opened the tomb of a wealthy man, took out the remains of his son and decapitated the skull of the skeleton and left it exposed by the roadside. The whole people are overawed and terror-struck by his course. He appears suddenly in a city or town. Invitations are sent out to men of influence and and wealth to meet him at dinner. They are received in a most friendly manner, and sumptuously entertained. After he has obtained from them all the assistance and information he needs, he courteously dismisses them. But before they leave the premises, on their way out, they are seized by some of his myrmidons, lying in wait, and at once beheaded without impeachment or trial. Such is the sort of men this government delight to honor! The course of this man in this region, and the *shin sin fan* excitement are the legitimate fruits of that civilization which, on the visit of the Burlingame Mission to your good city, was so highly lauded by some of your Boston philanthrophists.—*Letter of a Missionary in Watchman and Reflector.*

HOW TO KEEP A SITUATION.—Lay it down as a foundation rule that you will be "faithful in that which is least." Pick up the loose nails, bits of twine, clean wrapping paper, and put them in their places. Be ready to throw in an odd half hour or hour's time, when it will be an accomodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, be sure your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensible to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you. Those young men who watch the time, to see the very second their working hour is up, who leave, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant; who calculate the extra amount they can slight their work and yet not get reproved; who are lavish of their employers goods, will always be first to receive notice when times are dull, and their services are no longer required. Remember you are not a slave. Then serve your employer as a friend: in due time he will be a friend to you.

A horrible murder was committed about a mile west of Yates city, Ill. on Monday morning, Aug. 5. The victim was the wife of John Mathewson, a well to-do farmer, and had been married but a few months. The particulars as far as ascertained, are as follows: The murderer went to the house about 8 o'clock in the morning, while Mathewson and a hired man were working in a distant field, and ordered breakfast.—While Mrs. Mathewson was preparing it he undertook to ravish her. She resisted, and her clothing and her person show unmistakable signs that there was a terrible struggle for life. When her husband returned at night, he found her body in the cellar with her throat cut and her skull crushed in. Great excitement prevails there, and mounted horsemen are scouring the country in search of the murderer. A reward of $1,000 is offered for his apprehension. A man who was near the house that morning seeking employment is suspected.

SNAIL PASTURES NEAR PARIS.—In the district of Champagne the cultivators have made good some of their losses by the war in the rearing of snails for the Paris market, where they bring from two to three francs per hundred, and which are known by the name of Champagne oysters, as famous in their way as the Stratsburg *pates de foie gras.* During the summer, after a heavy dew or rain, the peasants catch the snails as they crawl out, with house on back, for a promenade; contractors buy up the mollusk, inclose them in a kind of park, fatten them on salads, thyme, mint parsley, etc. When large enough not to pass through a ring of a certain size, they are fit for the table—or are supposed to be.

Commodore Vanderbilt, according to the New York World's Saratoga correspondent, has found a new love—not a lady-love this time, not even a horse, but a Methodist clergyman. He is constantly accompanied by Dr. Deems, of the Church of Strangers, and it is even rumored that the tough old Commodore has experienced a change of heart, and is about to join the Methodists. It is high time, indeed; but hasn't the Commodore been betting on Longfellow?

A grim hard-headed old judge, after hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, advised him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination and put them into the tail of his judgment.